

ULTIMATE

X-MEN[®]

ISSUE

40

NEW MUTANTS: PART 1

FINCH
ISAAC

BENDIS
FINCH
THIBERT

MARVEL[®]

DIRECT EDITION



\$2.25 US \$3.25 CAN

Charles Xavier

Scott Summers

Jean Grey

Ororo Munroe

Logan

Kitty Pryde

Hank McCoy

Peter Rasputin



Professor X



Cyclops



Marvel Girl



Storm



Wolverine



Shadowcat



Beast



Colossus

S t a n L e e p r e s e n t s :

ULTIMATE X-MEN

Professor Charles Xavier brought them together to bridge the gap between humanity and those born with strange and amazing powers: Cyclops, Marvel Girl, Storm, Iceman, Beast, Colossus and Wolverine. They are the X-Men, soldiers for Xavier's war to bring peace between man and mutant!

PREVIOUSLY IN ULTIMATE X-MEN:

The X-Men have gone public in an attempt to carry their pro mutant/human relations messages forward. The X-Men now fall under the jurisdiction of world security leader Nick Fury with both the government and Xavier trying to figure out exactly how this will work.



NEW MUTANTS

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BENDIS

STORY

David

FINCH

PENCILS

ART

THIBERT

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I was hoping I would be able to speak to the Worthingtons in person.

That *was* the point of this scheduled visit--

Well, Dr. Xavier, the Worthingtons themselves haven't lived on these premises for quite some time.

But not to worry, I have been given full *power of attorney* in this transaction.

Transaction?

Mrs. Worthington is a woman of delicate constitution and sadly, the sight of her own--

Of Warren--

At this juncture the sight of him is really too much for her to handle.

I'm sure this is something you've dealt with before...

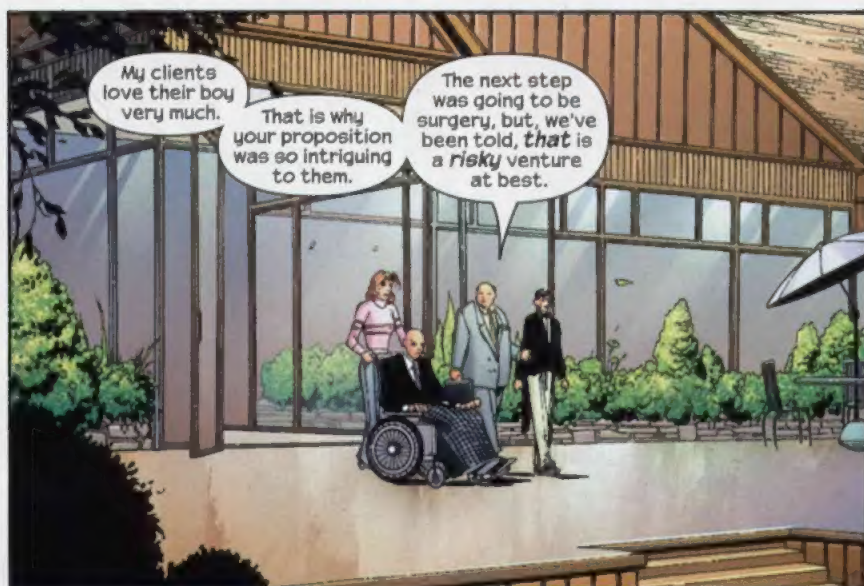


So, I am to understand the boy lives here *alone* in this house?

Mr. Travis here-- and the attending staff-- have been quite successful in raising the boy.

Everything a young man could want has been provided for him right here...

Except his parents...



My clients love their boy very much.

That is why your proposition was so intriguing to them.

The next step was going to be surgery, but, we've been told, *that* is a *risky* venture at best.



Can I meet the boy?



He'll be here momentarily. He is out for his morning... stroll.

So, how much are you looking for, Xavier?



I'm sorry?



How much will it *take* for you to take him off their *hands*?



I don't think you understand the nature of--



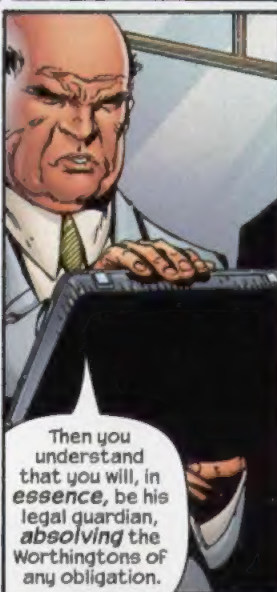
We *absolutely* understand.

Mr. Worthington wants to be clear that his obligations to the boy financially are unbounding.



This isn't a financial transaction.

This is about the *boy*.



Then you understand that you will, in *essence*, be his legal guardian, *absolving* the Worthingtons of any obligation.



Sirs, Master Warren is approaching...









I'm sorry, Kurt,
I know you ain't
a *devil*.

I just am trying to
illustrate that you--
you and the new guy--
it's--

It's something
worth discussing.
It's biblical.

It can't just
be a coincidence.
It has to *mean*
something.

But clearly y'all
think I'm being--



Rogue, there
are very few
truths in this
world, but
one of them
is that
religion is,
and will
always be,
a touchy
subject.

We *will* discuss
this. We will
acknowledge it.

But how
about, for
today, we
let Warren
settle in?

Let him
adjust.

Just like
each of you
had to do.

The first day
at this school
is quite an eye-
opener.

Let him unpack.
We can leave the
loftier discussion
for another day.



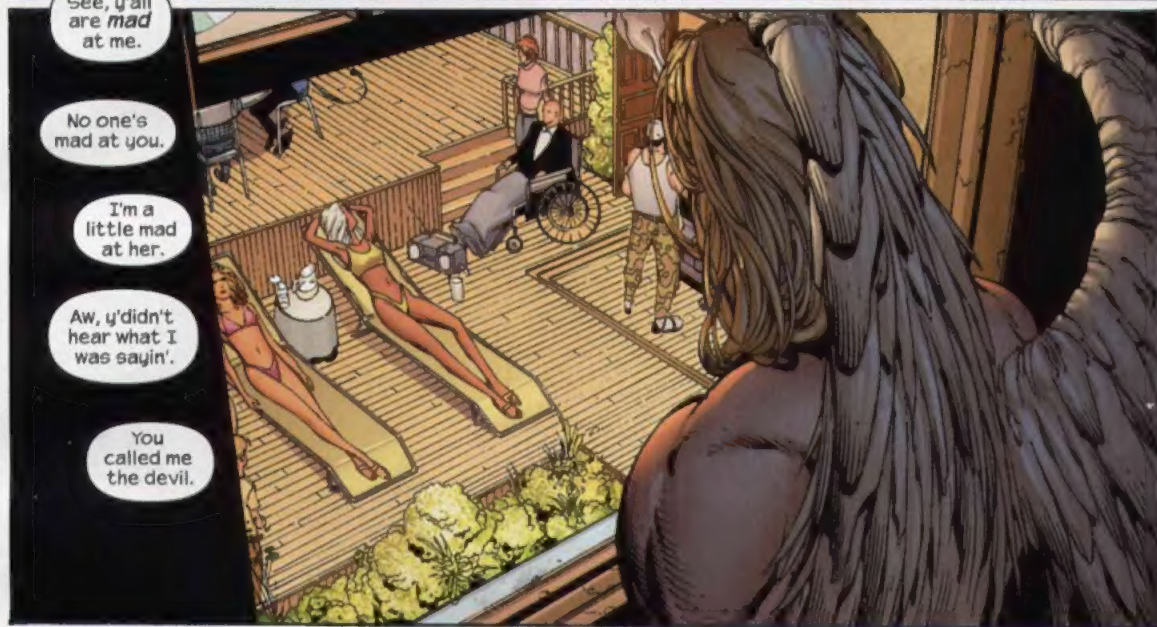
See, y'all
are *mad*
at me.

No one's
mad at you.

I'm a
little mad
at her.

Aw, y'didn't
hear what I
was sayin'.

You
called me
the devil.



Two days later...

"So it will be at the end of the age."

"The angels will come forth!!"

"And separate the wicked from among the just, and cast them into the furnace of fire."

AVIER

HANIL

16

MAGNETO WAS RIGHT

MOSES WAS A MUTANT

GOD IS A MUTANT

ANGEL AMONG APOCALYPSE

GOD HATES MUTANTS

NEW

*"And separate
the wicked from
among the just,
and cast them
into the furnace
of fire."*

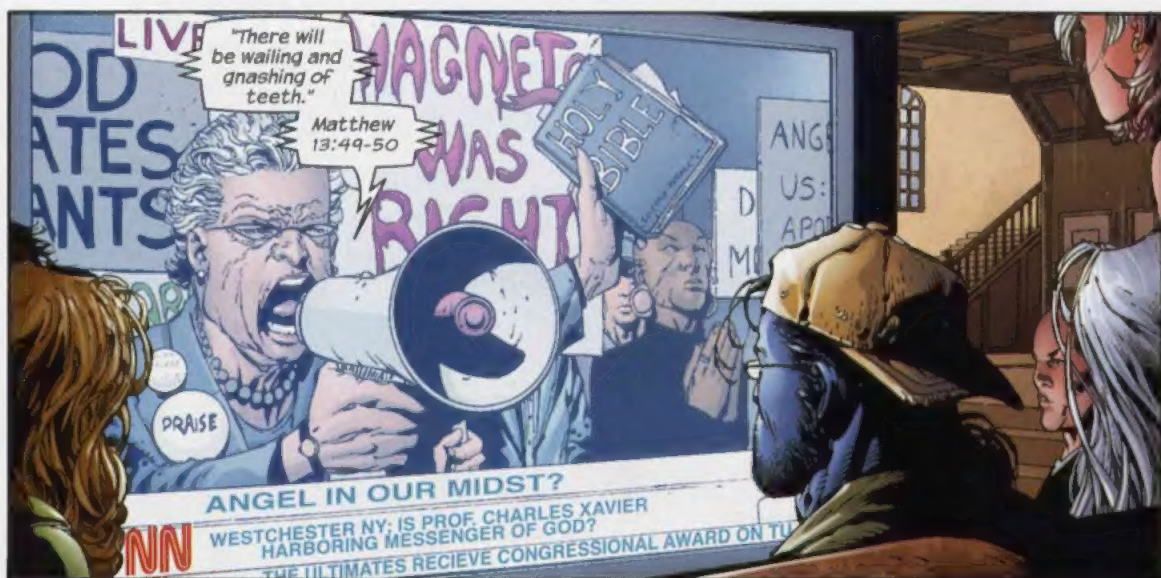
MAGNETO
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MOSES
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Before I ask which one of you is responsible for the major leak to the media that has resulted in the religious congregation outside the school...

...I would like to remind you all that I am, maybe, the most powerful telepath the world has ever seen...

...and I already know which of you did this.



See, I don't see how I can be **blamed** for this.

What did you do, Henry?

I-- I was talking to the--



You were on that fan site of yours again, weren't you?

I can't believe it turned--

His what?



There's a-- a fan site-- a web site about *all* of us-- and this goofball goes on the message board and gives them little updates and answers questions--



They're my people.

Dude...

It's good public relations...

Dude...



I really don't think this is my *fault* exactly because I should be able to go online and--

Are you serious?



Okay.

I just don't see how I could have known that these people would get in a car and come all the way up here to--



People will stand outside a ratty apartment in Brooklyn...

For days...

On end...

In the rain...

... because the schmootz on someone's kitchen window kind of looks like *maybe* something.

What did you think was going to happen if you announced to the world that there's a freakin' angel--



I didn't announce it to the world.



You put it on the Internet!!

Which part of worldwide web do you not--

Jean...

I'm okay. I'm calm.



Oh, no...

What?

He left.

He flew away.

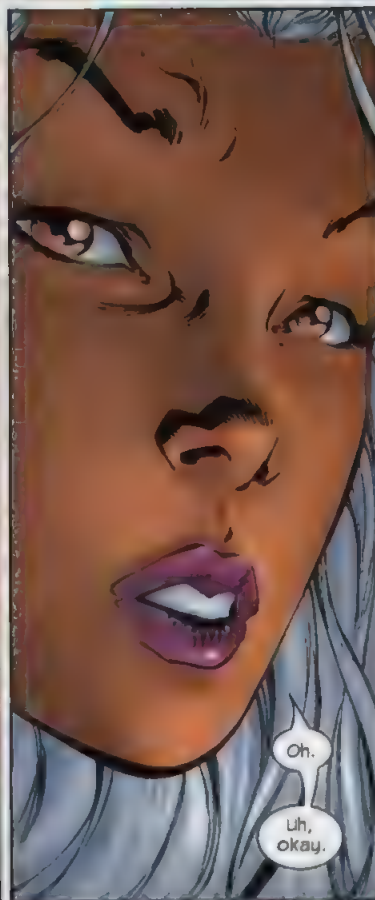
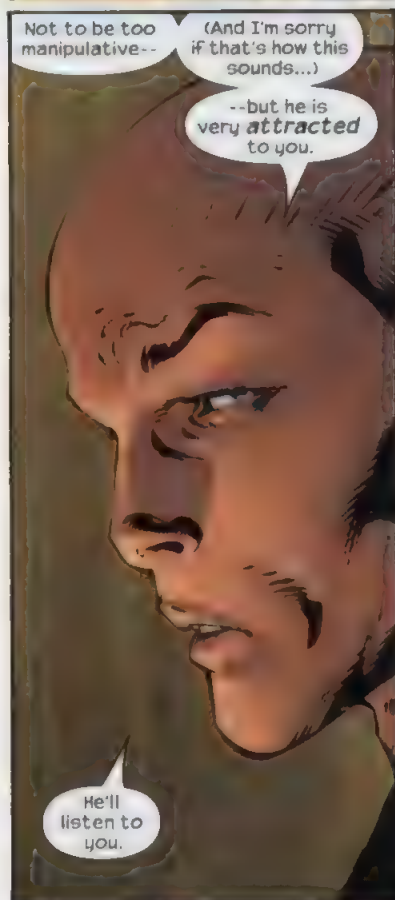


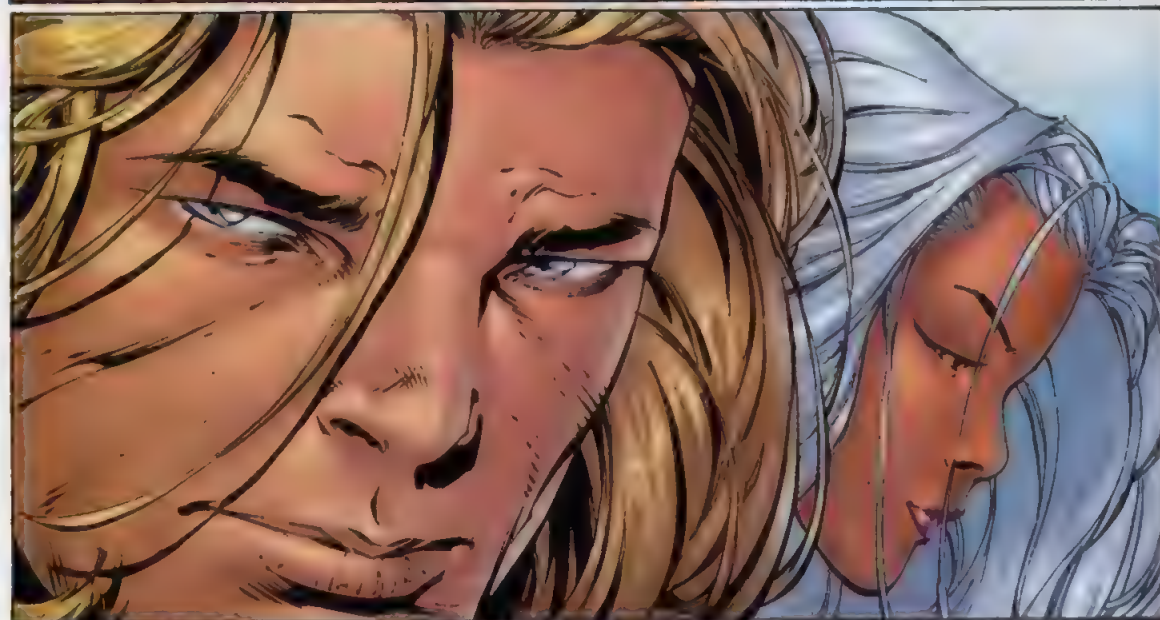
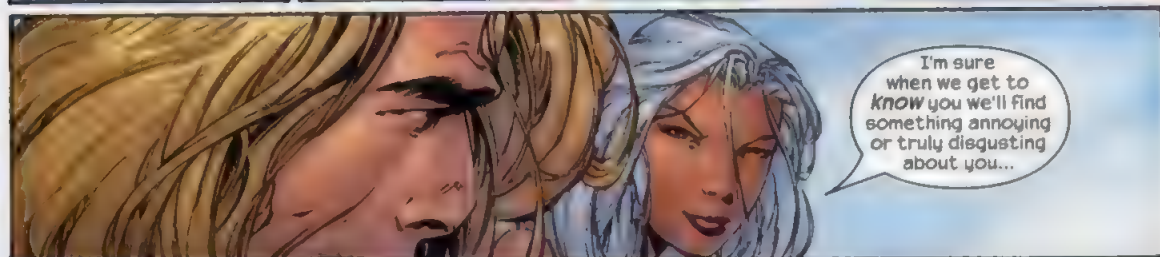
He flew away?

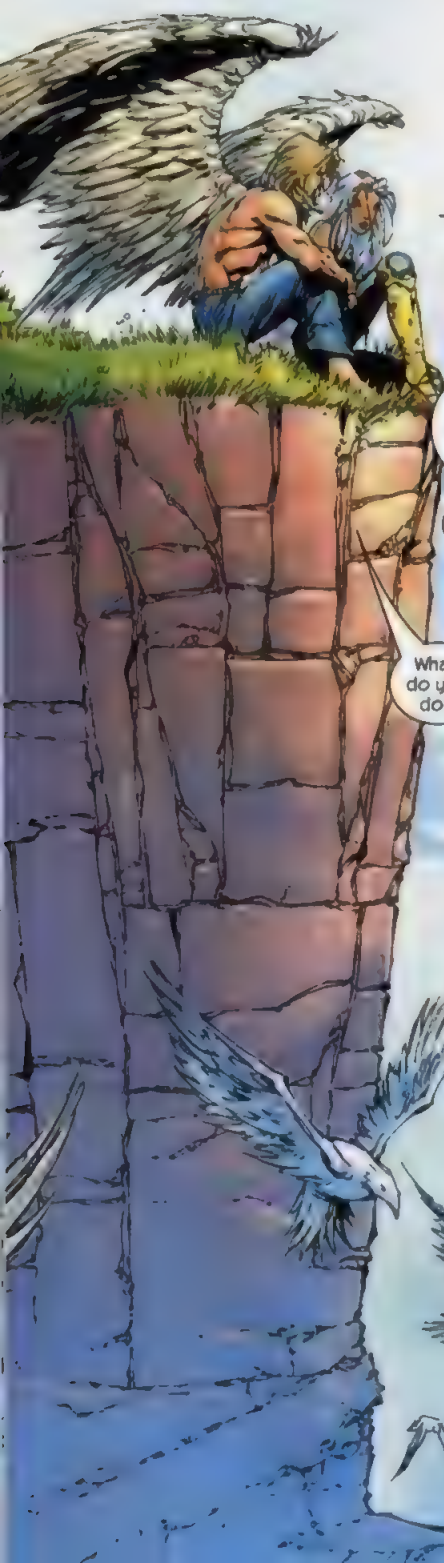
He saw what was going on outside and he flew away.

We'll go after him.

Just Storm.







I think, maybe, I know *some* of what you're going through.

Sometimes I think that my entire personality has, like, become my powers over the weather.

Like, all of a sudden, I don't have any identity beyond the fact that I'm a "mutant".

And I love my powers.

I love flying. I love rain. I love my winds.

I'm *so* lucky. I know.

But I know what I can do outside of all of this, y'know?

And I get *so* frustrated that all *anyone* ever sees in me is my powers.

Or, like, all they see is a *mutant*.

They don't see *me*.

What do you do?

I write.

I love to write.

I write poems and sometimes I write these little scenes.

Like, one-act plays.

I love to-- I love words.

I do it every day. Every day.

(Y'know, when I'm not being contained in some anti-mutant terrorist holding center or something...)

And I- I don't even know if I want to publish.

I don't think I do. I just want to write.

I love to fly.

Oh, I know.

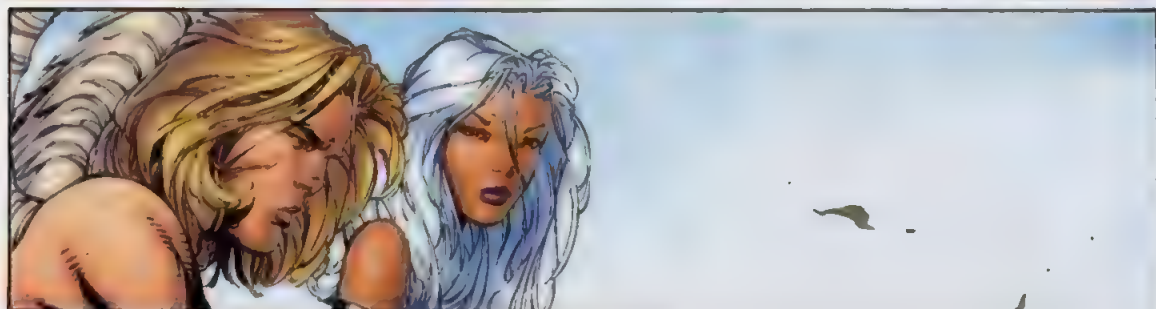
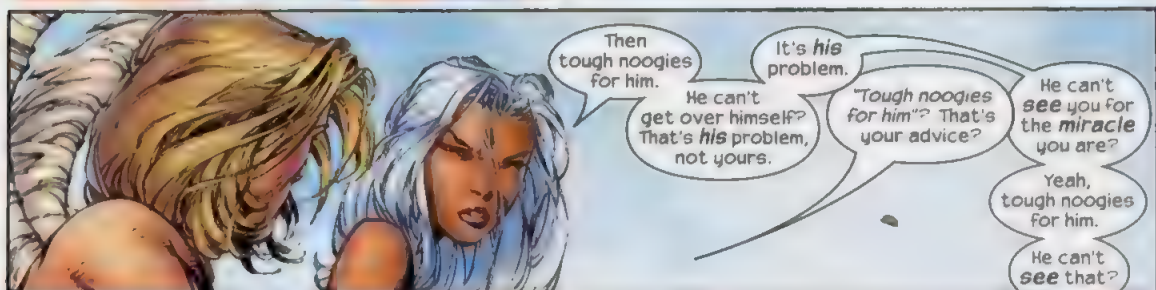
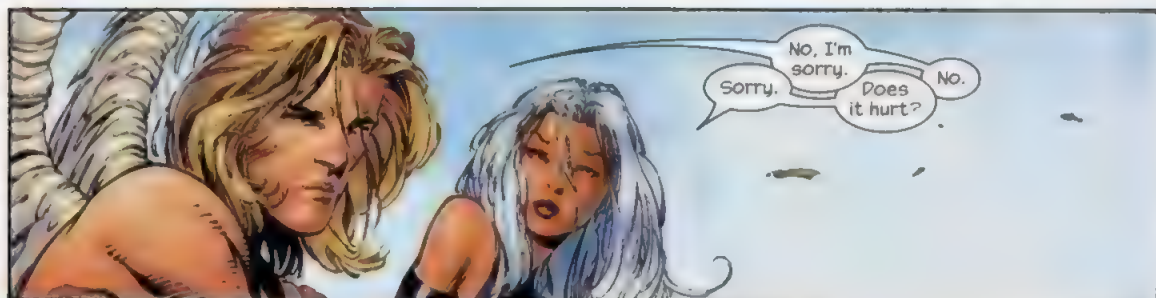
It's the best, isn't it?

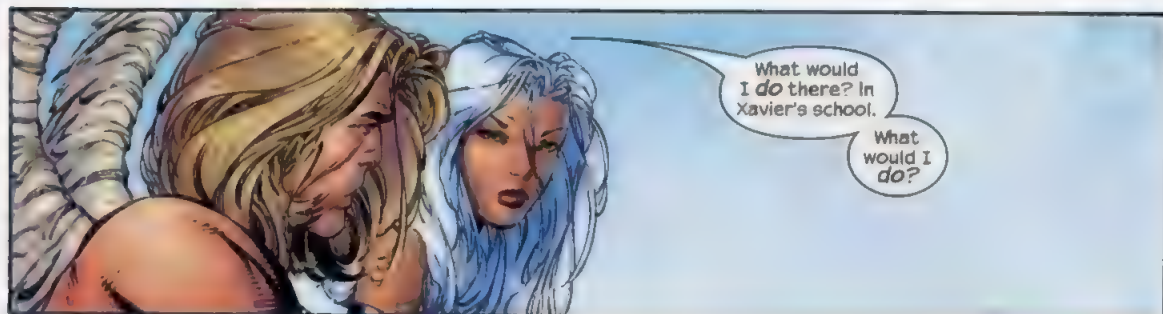
And you-- you can do it on your own.

I'm faking a little, but you-- you really *can* fly.

Don't--

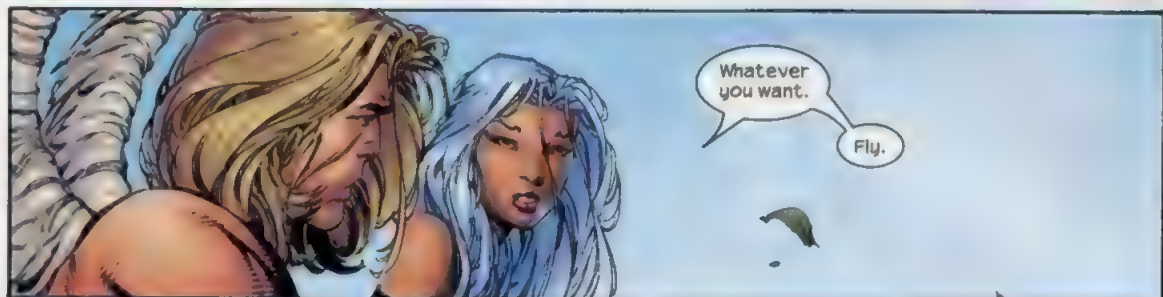
I have to get all these little jet streams lined up.





What would I *do* there? In Xavier's school.

What would I *do*?



Whatever you want.

Fly.



I hate that I have nowhere else to go.

Me either, really.



You can go anywhere you want.

I don't know.

Doesn't mean that *this* is a bad place to be though.

You know what we get to do? We get to look people in the eye and say, "Listen, I'm a mutant."

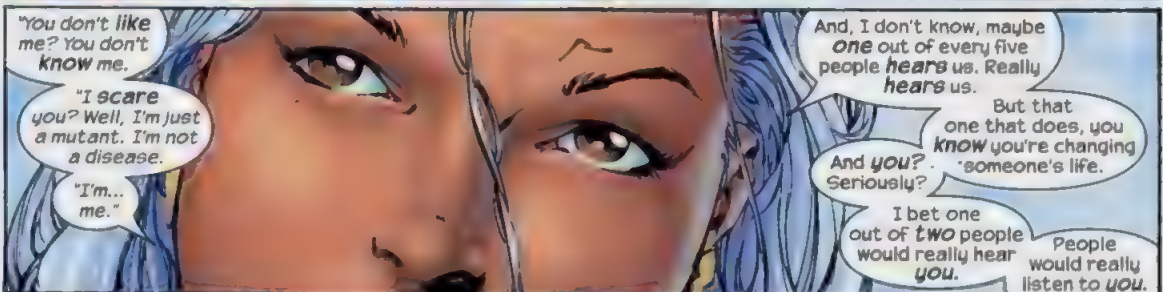
"I'm not a good person or a bad person. I'm just a person."



"And really, the only thing even remotely special about me is that I would fight, hard, for your right to be different."

"I would."

"Mutant, human. Don't matter..."



"You don't like me? You don't know me."

"I scare you? Well, I'm just a mutant. I'm not a disease."

"I'm... me."

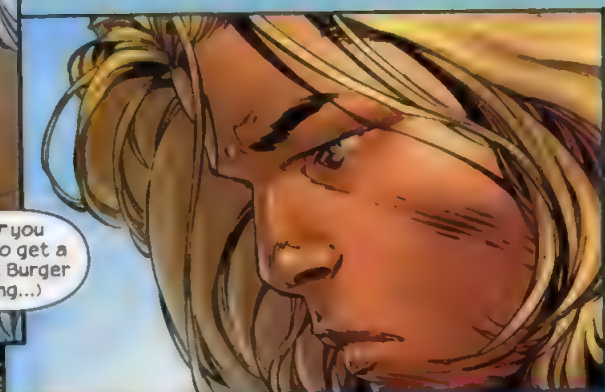
And, I don't know, maybe *one* out of every five people *hears* us. Really *hears* us.

But that one that does, you *know* you're changing someone's life.

And you? Seriously?

I bet one out of *two* people would really hear *you*.

People would really listen to *you*.





"Do not be afraid. I bring you good news of great joy, which will be to all the people. Today in the town of--"

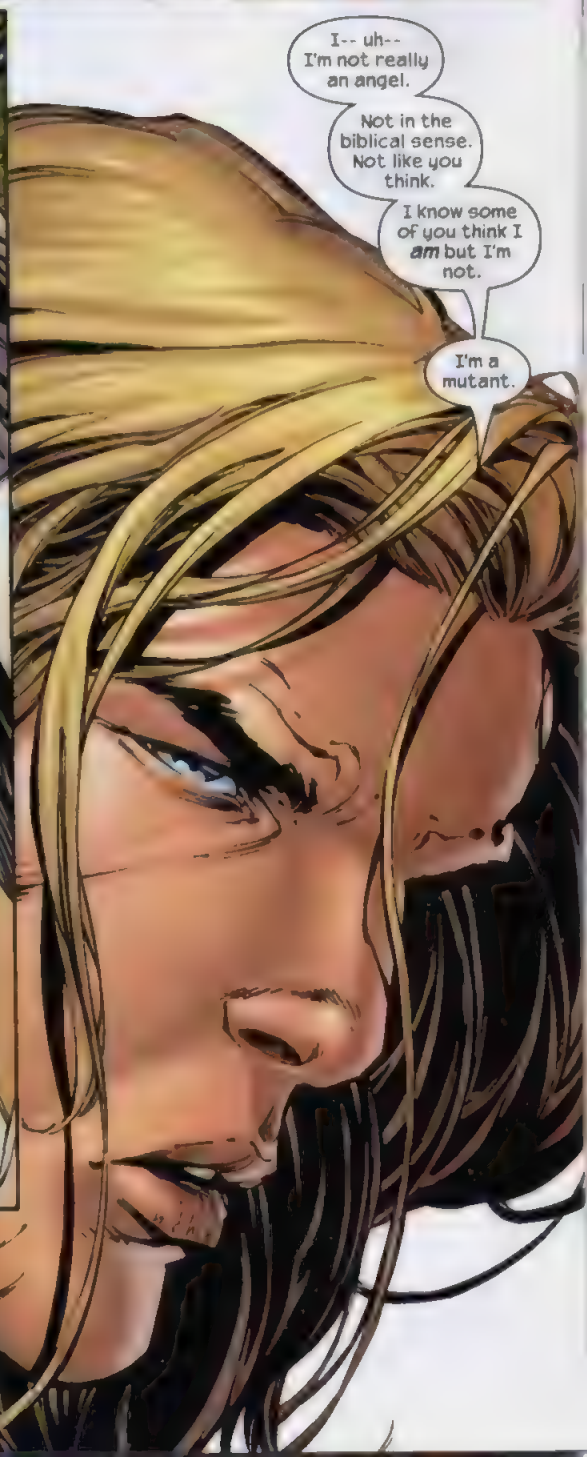
Oh, dear Lord...





My name... is Warren Worthington.

I'm, uh, I'm seventeen years old.



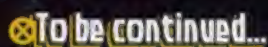
I-- uh--
I'm not really an angel.

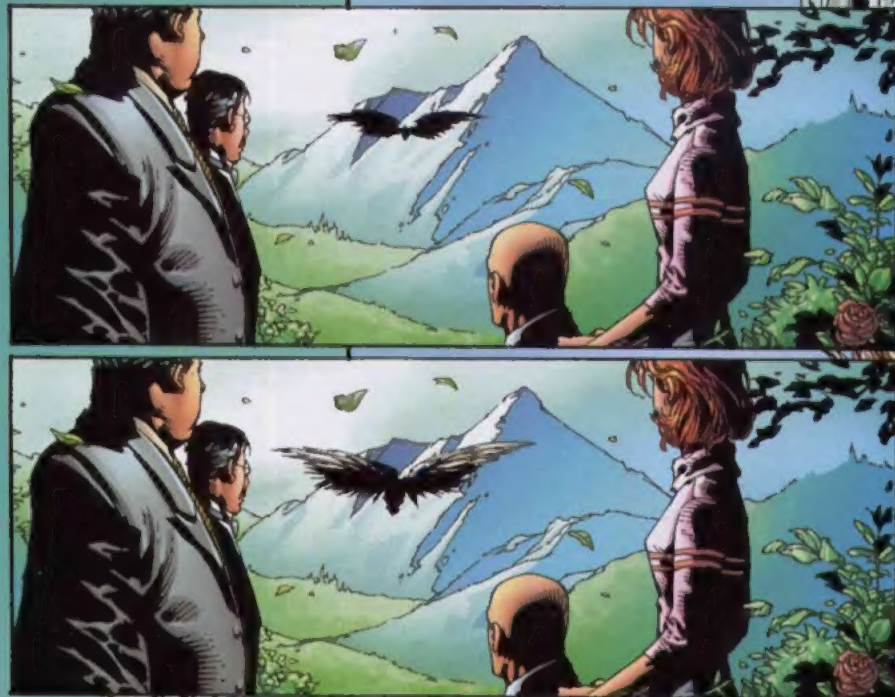
Not in the biblical sense.
Not like you think.

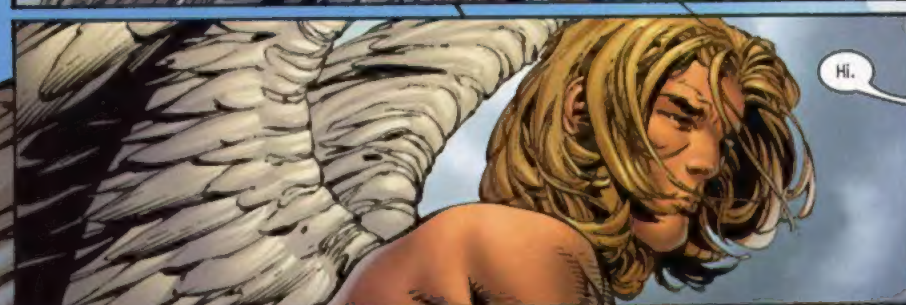
I know some of you think I *am* but I'm not.

I'm a mutant.

Update New York—Originally believing it to be a sign of God, many average Americans flocked to Xavier's School for the Gifted, the well-known establishment dedicated to the protection and teaching of mutants. In search of what was believed to be an angel from God, What was quickly discovered was that this was no angel messenger, but another in a growing population of mutants. "They'll do anything to make people believe in God," said Scott Hinz of Houston, Texas. "These mutants are God's gift to the world." Phoenix believes it's a sign from above, and that Scott McElroy of Phoenix believes it's a sign from above. "I know, they'll want to take a sign from the world, these are his chosen people," said McElroy. "I know, they'll want to take a sign from the world, these are his chosen people," said McElroy. "I know, they'll want to take a sign from the world, these are his chosen people," said McElroy.







Sorry to interrupt your sulk.

(Looks like you had a pretty good one going there..)

I just thought maybe we could talk a little--

How did you find me?

Are you serious?

We're The X-Men. All we *do* is find mutants.

Do you want me to put the sky back to overcast?

I'm just not really in an overcast *mood* so it kind of changes without me realizing...

I don't belong there.

I'm not going back.

Sorry to have put you out.

You didn't put *me* out.

I just came here to say I'm sorry that you felt you had to leave.

I don't think I want any part of the *circus* you people are making of your lives.

It's just *noise* and bedlam and I don't do well in that kind of situation.

Neither do I, really.

But that's *not* why you left.



No.

I- I just can't tell you how *wonderful* it felt that you people, who are clearly the *freaks* of society...

...were looking at *me* like I was the most *repulsive* thing you've ever *seen*.

